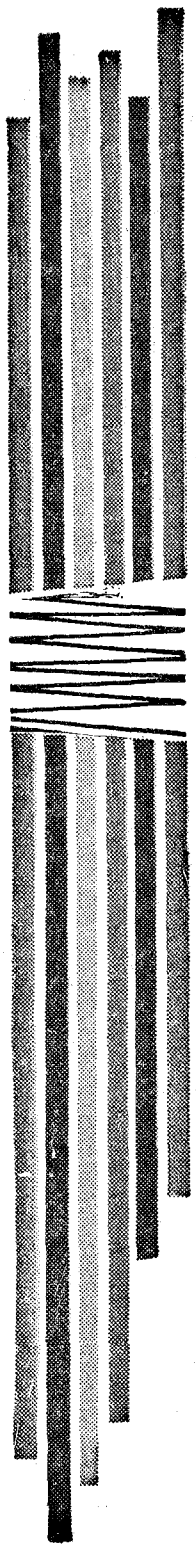
THE NATION

June 15, 1963 . . 35c



In the Laboratory

Computing 'ad absurdum'

Hilbert Schenck, Jr.

BIRTH CONTROL

OUR DISGRACEFUL IGNORANCE

John T. Edsall

CHINA'S SECOND EXPERIMENT

Frederick Nossal

In the Classroom

The Man Who Taught Too Well

Donovan Bess

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LETTERS

Robert Theobald on 'Abundance'

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: I found Robert Theobald's excellent exposition, "Abundance: Threat or Promise?" [May 11], extremely provocative and for that reason have invited Mr. Theobald to testify before the Senate Subcommittee on Manpower and Employment in order that he might offer some of his stimulating thinking to members of the subcommittee. *Joseph S. Clark*
United States Senate

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Theobald's critique of the many things which are wrong with our economic structure, performance and policy-making is extremely valuable. As this is the first step toward effective solutions, the author is to be commended and encouraged. But in my view, he falls into the error, committed by some able economists in the past with high objectives, of striving for an excessive degree of remedial over-simplification. . . .

Mr. Theobald's central proposal is in the form of a public commitment, publicly financed, to bring every American consumer unit up to an acceptable standard of living, taking into account not only social objectives but also the rapidly accelerating productive capabilities of the United States economy under the impact of the new technology. I am inclined to favor . . . bringing all of our consumer units up to this level as rapidly as feasible. But the policies needed for this purpose cannot be limited to one simple program. . . .

The author's main argument . . . is that other programs are too difficult to grapple with. Specifically, he is against any large degree of public intervention in what he calls the operation of the free market. Aside from the fact that his utilization of deficiencies in farm policies to date as "proof" of this thesis seems to me erroneous (the government must intervene substantially in the farm economy, but do it more effectively than heretofore), I believe it utterly unrealistic to assert that the operation of free-market forces, without modification by public action, will work tolerably well if only we adopt his Economic Security Plan. . . .

There is no easy road to economic improvement, which requires an increasing degree of coordinated private and public planning under our free institutions. Perhaps . . . what we most need is more popular understanding of the potentialities of the Employment Act of 1946 and a deeper commitment to its utilization. . . .

Leon H. Keyserling

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A limited supply of the "Abundance" issue of *The Nation* is still available at 25c per copy, 10 for $2, 50 for $8.50 and 100 for $15. Order from *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, enclosing payment.

Valley Cottage, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: My congratulations on "Abundance," by Robert Theobald, in your May 11 issue. What is important and exhilarating about it is that it breaks loose from the liberal obsession with the piecemeal and reminds us (without being shrill) of the desperate urgency for large-scale planning if we are to resolve large-scale problems. It needs to be thought about and argued over; I hope and pray that it gets into the right hands.

Harvey Swados

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: The Nation has performed an outstanding service in devoting its May 11 issue to Robert Theobald's study. This highly provocative article should be "must" reading for all concerned with the impact of our rapidly changing technology upon jobs and people. . . . The author's proposal of a guaranteed income for all "specifically designed to break the link between jobs and income" ultimately will have to become a reality. The real question is how to achieve this goal in a market-oriented economy based upon the enterprise system. . . .

Called by any other name, Mr. Theobald's solution remains a dole geared to past income and position. . . . In calling for a sharp break with the tradition of gainful employment, he has asked too much from contemporary society. The real question is how a worker may feel that he has earned his keep in a society where jobs evaporate and workers become surplus.

Happily, there are acceptable alternatives to the Theobald remedy. Our Social Security and educational systems are readily available for improvement. Both can be used to tighten the labor market without sharp departure from the governing ethic. Voluntary retirement at age fifty, fifty-five or sixty — depending upon the labor supply — must become a social objective. Retirees must receive at least half and possibly two-thirds pay — subject to a reasonable maximum. This would be an incentive for millions to withdraw from the labor force and open up jobs for others.

Education has already become a compelling force within our society. Youth is entreated to stay in school and many drop-outs undoubtedly would do so if the classroom were more meaningful and jobs more readily available to those who complete secondary vocational, technical and commercial training. . . . Added years of school and college would remove millions of premature entrants from the labor market. They would also improve the quality of our society more meaningfully than any other plan.

Oscar Jaeger
AFL-CIO Industrial Union Dept.

THE NATION

Saturday, June 15, 1963
Volume 196, No. 23

In this issue

EDITORIALS
497

ARTICLES
499 Birth Control:
I. Our Disgraceful Ignorance
John T. Edsall
II. China's Second Experiment
Frederick Nossal
505 Computing 'ad absurdum'
Hilbert Schenck, Jr.
507 The Man Who Taught Too Well
Donovan Bess

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
509 Africa's Market Literature
J. O. Reed
510 Truce Over Birth Control
Alan F. Guttmacher, M.D.
510 The Card-Players (poem)
David Ray
512 Last Initiation
Hayden Carruth
513 Art
Hilton Kramer
514 In the Theatre of the Absurd (poem)
James Schevill
515 Films
Robert Hatch
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 516)
Frank W. Lewis

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The Nation, June 15, 1963. Vol. 196, No. 23

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

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The End of Gradualism

Nine years have passed since the Supreme Court outlawed racial segregation in public schools. Eight years have passed since the Court directed desegregation "with all deliberate speed." That mandate has been abused by the segregationists with a multiplicity of litigation, the obvious purpose of which was to delay desegregation indefinitely. With public funds (including the Negro taxpayers' contribution) at their disposal, they have largely nullified the Court's decision. The Court knows it, everybody knows it, and especially the Negroes know it. The three May 27 decisions, in which Justice Arthur J. Goldberg declared that "the basic guarantees of our Constitution are warrants for the here and now," attest to the Supreme Court's realization and promise an increasingly firm attitude toward racist obstructionists, North and South.

It has taken a long time—more than two centuries—for the national conscience to reach the point where it is prepared to assert that full citizenship for the Negro is not a promise for future generations, but must be established in the living present. During all this time the whites who did not believe in segregation have been patient, which most of them found not too much of a trial. Most Negroes have been patient too, but their patience is now rapidly running out. The Supreme Court decisions are a reflection of this change in tone and tempo. Recent actions against racist discrimination by the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches are another indication. Further evidence can be cited—but the fact remains that the situation is growing increasingly tense, and the Supreme Court cannot be expected to cope with it alone.

The Administration can no longer afford to temporize and hope that time will bring a solution. Time is running out. The Congress likewise must act promptly, however painful the results may be to the elder statesmen from the magnolia belt. The least that the Administration and the Congress can do is to renew the Civil Rights Commission and enact strong civil-rights legislation of the types proposed by Senators Cooper, Javits, Williams, Dodd and others. And that will be only a beginning. The national power must be exercised, not, as Secretary of State Rusk laments, because our enemies are gleeful, but because, white and black alike, we owe it to ourselves as citizens of a democracy.

A Crack in the Door?

In the issue of May 4, *The Nation* advocated delegating James B. Donovan to probe the attitudes and ideas of Fidel Castro, now that the prisoners had been released and some basis for talks had been established between the two men. In *The New York Times* (May 26), James Reston makes a similar proposal. Senator Keating wouldn't like it, he adds, and there would be cries of "appeasement," but even Keating has emphasized that Castro himself is not the main target. What we really want is to get Soviet forces out of Cuba, and since no one but a few lunatics wants to invade, and a petroleum blockade is only slightly less frenetic, what is left but to talk?

Strange as it may seem, one *can* talk to the bearded monster. He speaks Spanish quite well and he seems to have several interpreters who can turn what he says into intelligible English. Lisa Howard, an exceedingly personable and capable commentator for ABC television, had a polite and enlightening interview with him. Castro said some things that may be surprising to Americans who are convinced that he is impossible. "Tell her," he said to the interpreter, "that it is true that when the United States suspended the sugar quota of Cuba, when the United States closed all doors to trade between Cuba and the United States, Cuba had no other alternative from the economic standpoint than to tighten its economic relations with the Soviet Union." This hardly sounds like undying love for the Soviets. Then he added that his revolution was going to be "radical" in any case (Miss Howard had used the term), but "I believe that it was the hostile attitude of the United States that contributed to making it more radical." A few sentences later, Castro said: ". . . In regard to the American [*business*] interests, do they want to speak with us about that? If they want to speak with us about indemnification, in honorable conditions for Cuba and for the United States, we can speak."

There are indications that Castro, in several recent private conversations with Americans, sounded even more reasonable than in his public utterances to Miss Howard. Apparently what he wants most is someone official to talk to, someone with whom he can get a meaningful dialogue going. Of course, anyone with a vested interest in keeping relations with Cuba bad, or in making them worse, will find Castro's attitude distasteful. But a sensible man will find it thought-provoking.

Abundance Aborted

In early vaudeville humor, the farmer was a hick who could be taken at will by the city slicker. The mid-twentieth-century farmer may be a managerial personage who might just as well be running a corporation from a skyscraper office, and the one who gets taken is the little farmer. Also taken is the city slicker who, after the country-wide wheat referendum of May 21, will pay just as much for his bread as he has been paying.

The farmers, the New York *Herald Tribune* rejoices, "are ready to cast aside their depression-era crutches and learn once more to stand on their own feet." The

JUN 7 '63

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large-scale farmers have been standing on their feet right along and will continue to do so, controls or no controls. As a result of the referendum, a lot of the small-scale farmers may find themselves off the farm and on the breadline. Many voted to put themselves there, but that won't make it more pleasant for them or for their colleagues.

Of course, no one voted against $2 wheat. What they were voting against was controls. But $2 wheat is the creation of controls and nothing else. Uncle Sam is the sorry possessor of 1.3 billion bushels of wheat (that's $2.5 billion worth) which he must warehouse, safeguard and keep off the market. Wheat is only one item—Uncle owns altogether about $8 billion in surplus agricultural products. Of the expected 1963 wheat crop of about 1.1 bushels, almost half will be added to the surplus stocks—still at almost $2, since the controls don't go off until 1964. But in 1964 things will begin to happen—unless the Administration, which is on the spot politically, comes up with an answer the shape of which is difficult to conceive.

Barring further legislation, the price of wheat will drop to $1.10 or $1.20 a bushel. The mechanized, large-scale grower can live with that. He has the machinery anyway and he can increase his acreage. But marginal, undercapitalized, small-scale farmers will be in difficulties. Some can survive on other crops; others will be driven to the wall.

This was the intent, though never acknowledged, of the Ezra Benson-American Farm Bureau program, and now it bids fair to become a reality. As far as the big wheat farmers are concerned, the 15-acre-or-less producers are only a nuisance. But there are enough of them so that their total output is large, and the big producers would be glad to get this business for themselves. Then, after the dust has settled, they may be able to get price supports under a "voluntary" program, and really cash in. Presumably they would like to be in the position of the cotton growers, of whom there are a little more than 31,000 who produce over half the crop. These 31,000 were aided to the tune of about $500 million last year, including administrative costs. Joseph Alsop points out that this is like giving half a billion dollars of urban-renewal money to a very small and already prosperous suburb. At the same time the price of cotton is maintained at an artificially high level and, as usual, the consumer picks up the check.

Such are the workings of the economy of abundance, 1963 style. Agricultural price supports have become the nation's biggest racket. Half the world goes hungry, but neither international nor domestic institutions are able to cope with abundance. There will be no drop in the cost of bread, and the hungry abroad will not be fed, even if all the warehouses in the world are bursting with wheat. It is no wonder that the underdeveloped nations have only a qualified admiration for the free world, which knows so much about production and so little about how to distribute what it produces.

The Gathering Storm

Last month the UN's Special Committee on the Policies of Apartheid of the Government of the Republic of South Africa issued a report revealing a frightening deterioration of a situation that, from its beginnings, held the seeds of world conflict. The story is one of action, reaction and escalating violence, with no end in sight. Since the 11,000,000 blacks in the country are forbidden by law to take effective, peaceable steps toward improvement of their wretched condition, the inevitable has happened: the multiplication, among them, of small, militant bands dedicated to terror as their only weapon against their 3,000,000 white masters. The newest are the Poqos, a Mau Mau type underground whose activities are described as having reached "alarming proportions"; murder, torture, burnings are their *modus operandi.*

The South African Government has responded with a desperation traditional to ruling minorities who feel their iron rule threatened. Mass arrests and wholesale killings are only part of the pattern. Repressive laws have been passed which, to civilized societies, would seem to negate all law. The concept of treason has been expanded to the point where a South African who appears to testify before a UN committee may be deemed a traitor; police can hold political prisoners incommunicado for ninety days, and extend the period at will; the Minister of Justice may, at his discretion, extend indefinitely the jail term of a political prisoner; anti-Communist and anti-sabotage laws are so vaguely drawn as to constitute not law, but a virtual carte blanche for the nearest policeman to make arrests at whim. Meanwhile, as an ominous indication of the government's own appraisal of the future, South Africa's defense budget for fiscal 1963-64 has risen to something close to $235 million — *four times* what it was in 1960 (when the massacre at Sharpeville opened the world's eyes to the meaning of apartheid) and greatly in excess of South Africa's World War II budgets.

Nominally, a third party figures in the picture: the United Nations, which has passed twenty-seven resolutions deploring apartheid and set up the Special Committee which issued last month's report. But one cannot expect too much of a committee that consists of Algeria, Costa Rica, Malaya, Ghana, Guinea, Haiti, Hungary, Nepal, Nigeria, the Philippines and Somalia; some of its own members regret the absence of representation from ". . . states which, through their traditional relations with South Africa, are able to exercise an effective influence on that country." As to the resolutions, even those with "teeth" in them — they urge "diplomatic, commercial and cultural pressures" upon South Africa to change its ways — have proved meaningless. The reason is simple: the only countries in a position to exert meaningful pressures —the developed Western nations, including the United States, Britain and France — never voted for the resolutions, but abstained. "The Special Committee

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notes," says the report, "that only eight states . . . together shared over three-quarters of the exports and imports of South Africa . . . [*and*] include the principal suppliers of arms and equipment to South Africa." With customary diplomacy, the authors of the report fail to name the eight, but officials at Washington, London or Paris are clearly in a position to furnish the information upon request.

What is the outlook? A civil war which might well suck half the African continent into a bloody maelstrom — and perhaps the rest of the world as well? Or will the West at long last hearken to the plea of the Special Committee, which feels that "the states with traditional relations with South Africa bear a *special responsibility* to take all measures to dissuade its Government from its present policies and help save the people of South Africa from [*the*] disastrous consequences . . ."?

Cult of the Astronaut

It has long been a familiar story in the movies. A boy or girl is found who has looks and charm, and who can be taught to act. She — there is even more poignancy if it is a girl — is put under a contract starting at $250 a week and going up (with options) to, say, $1,500 a week in seven years. Girl is duly grateful, dears and darlings the head of the studio and the more important producers — until she becomes a star. Then her agent demands $250,000 a picture, minimum, and gets it. At least he did while the movies were prosperous — and some still get that, and more.

Mutatis mutandis, now it is happening in the space business. The average test pilot in the military services was as eager to become an astronaut as a stage-struck girl is to get into the movies. True, there are risks in space that would daunt the ordinary man, and skills and arduous training are called for; nevertheless those who were selected gave thanks. Their gratitude proved to be short-lived. As they themselves have frequently emphasized, it is only teamwork that can put a man in orbit, and the astronaut is only part of the team. But now some of them, at least, seem to think that the astronauts should rule NASA, which is like saying that the test pilots should run an aircraft manufacturing company. Project Mercury was to terminate with L. Gordon Cooper's flight, and the top NASA administrators and engineers seemed to be convinced that nothing more can be learned from the project. But the astronauts are campaigning openly to continue it.

Another Mercury flight would cost only $10 million — a bagatelle in space financing. But of course the actual cost would be far greater. Not only does the $10 million fail to cover use of facilities in which billions have been invested, but engineers and other experts who are in short supply would have to be diverted from Gemini and Apollo — the later stages of the moon project — to keep the boys flying.

Not only are some of the astronauts, and those Mercury officials who back them, lobbying assiduously, but John W. Finney reports in *The New York Times* (May 23) that they are threatening to "sound off" publicly if their demands are not granted. If they do, NASA might remind them that they differ from movie actors in several respects, one of which is that they are military officers. True, they are assigned to a civilian agency, but they are still officers, and they can be recalled to whatever service has lent them to NASA. They have been glamorized; they can be unglamorized. A sense of decorum is a good thing, even for a hero. Or especially for a hero.

Birth Control

I. Our Disgraceful Ignorance . . . . John T. Edsall

The unprecedented growth-rate of world population raises problems comparable only to those arising from the threat of thermonuclear war. That at least is the conviction of an increasing number of responsible men and women. Their numbers and influence are growing in spite of the fact that most governments have endeavored until lately to ignore the problem. The Department of Economic and Social Affairs of the United Nations has estimated that by the year 2000 we shall have a world population between six and seven billion, if present birth and death rates continue. Thus within the next forty years we may expect to see as large an increase in the population of the earth as has occurred through all of past history. In some countries—for instance, in much of Central and South America—the population will double much sooner than that.

If anything, the UN estimates are conservative, for the rate of population increase is itself increasing. This constitutes the most serious threat today to all programs of economic development for the poorer nations of the world. Even in the affluent United States, population growth is becoming recognized as a major problem, as our expanding and decaying cities spread out and invade the countryside, as air pollution increases, water shortage threatens, and the prospects of employment shrink with the rise of automation.

It is a tragic irony that the beneficent triumphs of modern medicine and public health should thus threaten mankind with increased hunger and misery. Insecticides, antibiotics and the techniques of modern medicine have produced,

John T. Edsall, professor of Biological Chemistry at Harvard University, is editor of the Journal of Biological Chemistry *and co-author of several textbooks.*

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Punch: Ben Roth

over much of Asia, Africa and Latin America, a dramatic fall in the death rate. In Ceylon, it dropped by 35 per cent in about two years, from 1946 on, largely because of malaria control. In India, where there had been 75 million cases of malaria in 1953, the number had fallen to four million in 1959; and the deaths from malaria dropped from 800,000 to 10,000. Meanwhile the birth rate remained about as high as ever; in some places it actually increased, perhaps because people were healthier.

The great technical achievements of modern science and medicine aroused hopes of universal health and well-being. Instead, they have posed a tragic dilemma. For instance, by the time the Aswan high dam is fully operative (about 1972), Egypt will probably have about 13 million more people than when the Nasser regime began, and the new production made possible by the dam will probably just about suffice to keep the added population going at about the same low level of poverty as before. Essentially the same problem faces most of the developing nations in Asia, Africa and Latin America. The population of India was growing in the last decade by about 2 per cent per year; it is probably growing even faster now, but even at 2 per cent it will go from 450 to 900 million in thirty-five years. Many countries are growing much faster than that: Mexico and most Central American countries are growing at a rate near 3.5 per cent per year, and in most of South America at about 3 per cent. At these rates the population will double in twenty-three years or less. Development of agriculture and industry is moving fast in some of these countries; in India it can, with luck, stay a little ahead of population growth.

Rapid population growth imposes the added load of providing schools, teachers, housing and food for the rising population, and especially for the great number of children. Eugene Black, then President of the World Bank, in a 1961 address to the UN Economic and Social Council, declared:

> *I must be blunt. Population growth threatens to nullify all our efforts to raise living standards in many of the poorer countries. We are coming to a situation in which the optimist will be the man who thinks that present living standards can be maintained. The pessimist will not look even for that. Unless population growth can be restrained, we may have to abandon for this generation our hopes of economic progress in the crowded lands of Asia and the Middle East.*

Such warnings have led to rising concern in Congress over the prospects of the whole Foreign Aid Program and especially of the Alliance for Progress in Latin America. The chance of making these programs successful depends on checking population growth, at least as much as on anything else. Congress is beginning to recognize the fact and to be uneasy.

There are, of course, dissenters from these views. Notable among them is Colin Clark, Professor of Economics at Oxford, who believes that rapid population growth is all to the good and that we can readily sustain a world with 10 billion people in it, probably many more than that. The difficulties, according to Clark, are not agricultural, but political. Few students of the subject today, however, share his optimism.

For years the question of halting population growth was never publicly discussed in the UN or its specialized agencies, although everyone recognized the terrible problems of hunger, malnutrition and poverty, and admitted the fact that rising populations made these problems more urgent. The resistance to discussion of birth control came from two quite disparate sources: the predominantly Roman Catholic nations which opposed artificial contraception, and the Communist nations which upheld the Marxist doctrine that a Socialist, unlike a capitalist, economy could provide a good life for an expanding population. Their combined influence long effectively throttled any public proposals to supply medical and technical aid in birth-control programs to countries struggling with poverty and a high birth rate. President Eisenhower's emphatic statement in December, 1959, was characteristic. After the Draper report, which he himself had called for, recommended government aid to other countries that asked for it in disseminating advice and information on family planning, Eisenhower at his press conference declared, "I cannot imagine anything more emphatically a subject that is not a proper political or governmental activity or function or responsibility."

However, in 1961, Sweden and Denmark tried to place an item, "Population Growth in Economic Development," on the agenda of the General Assembly. Ghana, Greece, Tunisia and Pakistan later joined in supporting the motion, but delaying tactics deferred the debate until the General Assembly of 1962. Finally, in December, 1962, a slightly modified form of the resolution was debated by the Assembly and eventually adopted by a vote of 69-0, with 27 nations abstaining. The victory for the advocates of population control was only partial, for the Assembly deleted a crucial section of the resolution that recommended technical assistance on population control to countries that asked for it. Nevertheless, adoption was a major development. The population issue was out in the open. During the debate, an impressive speech was delivered by U.S. delegate Richard N. Gardner, who clearly spoke with the authority of our government. He pointed out the grave problems raised, even in a country as wealthy as the United States, by rapid growth of population, using California as an example; and he was emphatic and clear in recognizing the terrible problems faced by underdeveloped countries where population growth threatens to nullify economic progress. "So long as we are concerned with the quality of life," he said, "we have no choice but to be concerned with the quantity of life. While we will not advocate any specific policy regarding population growth to another country, we can help other countries,

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upon request, to find potential sources of information and assistance on ways and means of dealing with population problems."

This did not represent a commitment by the United States to give technical help on birth-control problems to other countries, but the contrast with the attitude of President Eisenhower, three years earlier, was immense. The Government of the United States was shifting its position, and it was significant that this shift was occurring in the Administration of John F. Kennedy, the first Roman Catholic to become President of the United States.

The medical and physiological problems of reproduction and birth control were attracting increasing attention in this country and elsewhere. During 1962, the National Institutes of Health compiled an extensive survey of research in this field, following a conference in August, 1961, in which a group of distinguished investigators and clinicians were brought together by the National Institutes of Health. One of them was Dr. John Rock, long a leader in the study of the medical and scientific problems of human reproduction and the pioneer in the clinical trials of the pills developed by Dr. Gregory Pincus at the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology. The pills control ovulation in women and thereby inhibit conception. Dr. Rock is both a devout Catholic and a highly responsible and public-spirited physician, intensely conscious of the threat to mankind of the population explosion. In his recent important book, *The Time Has Come* [reviewed on page 510 of this issue—ED.], he describes the recommendations of this conference:

> *The consultants agreed on a minimum program calling for additional expenditures of $16.6 million annually for research and training, as well as for $4 million as a nonrecurring sum to help finance the creation of eight research centers committed to the study of reproduction. The scientists who joined in this consensus constituted an excellent sampling of the diverse points of view in the field and yet were able to reach agreement on a program which was regarded as eminently feasible.* [The group, incidentally, included one other Catholic physician besides Dr. Rock.]
>
> *Our proposed plan started with the basic fact that not enough scientists are working on problems of reproductive physiology; accordingly, we advised an allocation of $4.6 million to training programs, fellowships, career awards, training centers, and other means of attracting scientific talent to the field, both in this country and overseas. It was recommended that $7 million a year be appropriated for basic studies in the physiology, biochemistry, and pharmacology of conception (including research for improvements in the rhythm method approved by the Catholic Church) and for screening and synthesis of new anti-fertility compounds. Annual allocations of $5 million were asked for field and clinical trials of fertility-control measures, studies of acceptance and motivation, and operating support for the eight new research centers.*

A year later, in August, 1962, Dr. Rock received a letter from the National Institutes of Health stating that, "it no longer seemed necessary to publish" the survey of research in fertility control. In other words, the valuable report had been suppressed. However, when this became publicly known in September, 1962, the new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Anthony J. Celebrezze, ordered the document published before the end of the year. It finally appeared in late December. But the recommendations in the report for expansion of research, urgently called for by the experts at the conference in 1961, were deleted. Clearly someone was frightened at the idea of publishing them. The reasons for such fears are difficult to see; the need for greatly extended further research in this area is universally recognized. Catholic and non-Catholic experts alike called for expansion of research. Dr. Rock's book gives abundant quotations from authoritative Catholic sources to make this clear.

The powerful recent report from the National Academy of Sciences, top scientific advisory body to the U.S. Government, on "The Growth of World Population," faces the issues clearly and emphatically. Initiated by the Academy's Committee on Science and Public Policy and prepared by a group of experts headed by William D. McElroy of Johns Hopkins, it recognizes the terrible urgency of the population problem and the threat of unrestrained population growth to the hopes of the developing nations for a better life. It recommends increased support of training in demography and biomedical and social sciences related to population problems; expansion of research laboratories studying fertility regulation; international cooperation in studies on fertility regulation and family planning in which the U.S. Government should actively participate; and enlarged and improved programs for training of family-planning administrators.

Almost simultaneous with the National Academy report was an announcement by the Ford Foundation that it had allotted $2,800,000 for work in population control. This included $900,000 for expansion of the research program in Pakistan on family planning, at the request of the Government of Pakistan.

The need for research in this field is glaringly apparent; in comparison with the hundreds of millions of dollars now available annually for research related to cancer and heart disease, the funds for research in problems of reproduction are relatively a mere pittance. Human suffering from hunger and malnutrition, due to overpopulation, involves hundreds of millions of people; terrible as cancer is, it probably causes far less suffering than overpopulation. Yet the development of the compounds controlling ovulation — the first significant advance in contraceptic technique in seventy-five years — by Pincus and his associates at the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology was financed not by government funds but by a private donor who prefers to remain anonymous. The resulting pill has been amazingly successful; it has been approved for safety and efficacy by the U.S. Public Health

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Service; it is now being taken fairly regularly by about two million women in the United States, and perhaps by a similar number in other countries. Reports that it might cause thrombosis produced a temporary flurry of alarm, but appear to have been unfounded. (In any group of two million women, some will develop thrombosis in the course of a year; if anything, such troubles may on the average be rarer among women who take the pill than among those who do not.) The cost of the pills, though substantial at first, has been dropping; Dr. Pincus estimates that they can be made available, if produced on a large scale, for about one or two cents per woman per day. (Even this cost is substantial if one thinks in terms of the population of India; but it is not astronomical.) They have proved remarkably reliable for women who take them regularly; and when a woman wants to have a child, she usually conceives quite promptly after stopping the use of the pill.

Dr. Rock in his book expresses the personal belief that use of these pills is in harmony with Catholic doctrine, since they function like the natural hormone progesterone in inhibiting ovulation. Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, in a generally quite sympathetic review of Dr. Rock's book, challenges Dr. Rock's view on this particular issue.

As a non-Catholic and layman, I am of course incompetent to express an opinion on the merits of this question. However, one can say with confidence today that leading members of the Catholic hierarchy are deeply concerned over the population explosion; they know it is a major threat to the world, and would welcome further developments in research that might lead to highly effective methods of birth control which would also be "natural" and acceptable in terms of Catholic doctrine. There have been many intimations of such concern, particularly since the Ecumenical Council assembled last fall. American advocates of planned parenthood have talked with high officials in the Vatican, and have found that the gap between Catholic and Protestant thinking on such matters is much narrower than would have been thought possible a few years ago. The hope of bridging the gap that still remains — indeed the hope of finding any effective way of dealing with the population explosion — depends on further research. The pill developed by Pincus is a remarkable achievement; yet the whole field of research in reproduction still lies wide open before us, and what we know is probably only a minute fraction of what we can still learn. The eminent English biologist, Dr. A. S. Parkes, said recently, "Established methods of birth control are so crude as to be a disgrace to science in this age of spectacular technical achievement."

Research is all the more urgent, since there is not likely to be just one satisfactory solution for the birth-control problem. There are deep-seated human prejudices, which differ from region to region; methods entirely acceptable in one country may be completely incompatible with the outlook of another. Apart from prejudice, there are ignorance and inertia. Sociologists, anthropologists and other social scientists may contribute as much to solving the problem as the biologists and biochemists. Japan, unlike any other country of Asia, has cut population growth drastically by a combined program of freely available contraceptive techniques, sterilization and legalized abortion; the birth rate fell from 34 to 17 per 1,000 in the ten years from 1947 to 1957. Japan's solution, however, would almost certainly be unacceptable to most other countries; even in Japan itself improved methods of contraception, if available, would certainly be preferred to abortion.

The Harvard School of Public Health has recognized the need for research by establishing a center for population studies; the funds are in hand for an endowed professorship, and the school plans to assemble a group of established scholars in the biological and social sciences to work with other experts already at Harvard. This is a major forward step; one may hope for the establishment of other such centers.

The population of the United States is growing by about 1.6 per cent per year — far more rapidly than that of Europe and not much less rapidly than that of India. Ten years ago most industrialists—perhaps most of our citizens — were pleased by the prospects of rapid growth; it seemed to promise booming business and prosperity. Today the mood has changed. At a conference held last October by the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, some leading industrialists warned that our living standards are likely to decline if we keep on adding to our population at the present rate.

In any case, the demand for making birth-control information and supplies available to Americans generally, if they want them, is steadily rising in this country. The major battles have been, and are being, fought over the right of doctors in tax-supported hospitals to make this information available to those who cannot afford a private physician. Between 1956 and 1958 the issue erupted violently in the municipal hospitals of New York City. Agreement was reached at last, with the recognition of the right of the medical profession to prescribe contraceptives for a woman whose life or health may be threatened by pregnancy, with the clear understanding that physicians, nurses or others who had religious or moral objections should be excused from participation in such advice or help. The American Public Health Association endorsed a similar proposal in 1959, as a matter of general policy, and several states have followed suit.

But in Chicago there is still violent controversy, which centers in Cook County Hospital. The birth rate among recipients of welfare aid in Chicago is reported to be 38 per 1,000, as high as the rate in India, and nearly 50 per cent higher than in the country at large. Until lately, the staff of Cook County Hospital was forbidden to give advice on birth control, or to mention the subject to patients — those who asked questions could be referred to a clergyman or private physician, but not to a Planned Parenthood Association clinic. There was a slowly rising tide of protest against this policy. Last September, a committee of the Illinois Legislature voted 6 to 0 to instruct the Illinois Public Aid Commission to make family-planning information available to those who asked for it. Arnold H. Maremont, chairman of the commission, proposed to carry out this recommendation, and to

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pay the cost of doctors' fees and prescriptions out of public funds.

From an economic point of view, the proposal was obviously sound; supporting a child on the welfare rolls, to the age of eighteen, costs something on the order of $7,000. Given the high rate of delinquency that is likely to be found for unwanted children in such families, the cost to society is often vastly greater. By comparison the cost of birth-control advice and supplies is trivial. Moreover, a matter of principle is involved. Denial of information and medical advice to the poor, when it is readily available to the well-to-do, is a form of discrimination that the American people are not long likely to accept.

Nevertheless, Mr. Maremont's program has been embroiled in violent controversy from the start; the attack centered particularly on the giving of birth-control information to unmarried mothers, on the ground that this would encourage immorality. The battle came to a temporary climax with the vote of the Illinois legislature, on last April 30, to rescind the appointment of Mr. Maremont, which it had previously voted to approve. The vote to oust him was carried entirely by the Republicans; Democrats abstained.

Whatever the reasons for the removal of Mr. Maremont, this is certainly not the end of the story, in Illinois or elsewhere. The forces in favor of free access to birth-control information are increasingly powerful in a world that is adding at least 50,000,000 people to its population every year. Even the most vigorous programs of research, and active family-planning services throughout the world, will not soon or easily reverse this trend. The time is very late, and the demands of the problem are almost overwhelming. There is no escape, however; before very long the birth rate must go down, or the death rate must again go up.

II. China's Second Experiment . . Frederick Nossal

The Government of China, which has the unenviable task of feeding and clothing and housing the largest population on earth, is in the midst of another massive effort to curb the nation's numbers. But whereas Peking's original birth-control campaign was a crude affair, this new attempt to limit the exploding Chinese population is somewhat more subtle.

Five years ago, when the Communist Party led by Chairman Mao Tse-tung was flushed with success, the birth-control propaganda was blunt to an embarrassing degree. Millions of diagrams and posters that left almost nothing to the imagination were plastered on billboards in factories, at dam sites, in village squares.

But even the regimented Chinese people resented this uncouth intrusion on their privacy. People listened. They gawked at the curious placards. They attended meetings called by the Chinese Communist Party in every town and village, in cities and in distant mountain regions. They heard the official lectures delivered by embarrassed party members, by fist-pounding young men and by blushing brides. Birth control was vital for national well-being, China was told. The people nodded and smiled. Many praised the party loudly, and were duly rewarded. Only a few complained. But it was soon obvious that the Chinese nation was not taking the slightest notice of Peking's appeals.

As early as 1954, a prominent member of Peking's National People's Congress — the Communist equivalent of Western parliaments — had advocated birth-control measures. His name was Shao Li-tzu, and the reason for his pleas to the nation was the startling announcement that Chinese people accounted for almost a quarter of mankind. The previous year, more than two million census workers, specially trained for the task, had found that on June 30, 1953, the population of China proper was 582,603,417. Even the leaders in Peking were staggered by the figure.

With anxious promptings from the Ministry of Health and other departments, the movement to encourage birth control gradually gained momentum during 1955 and 1956. Late in 1956, birth-control clinics opened in China, followed within a few months by poster exhibitions throughout the land. In mid-1957, one of China's most respected scholars, Professor Ma Yin-chu, then rector of Peking University, in a submission to the National People's Congress, justified birth control for China's countless millions on a remarkable number of grounds.

"The question will arise in about fifteen years' time: Is it better to use one electronic computer or is it better to employ 20,000, 40,000, or 60,000 men?" Professor Ma asked. "If men are employed, the electronic computer will have to be abandoned. This would mean that greater numbers of men hinder the progress of science. If the electronic computer is used, how are these men to be placed?"

Ma Yin-chu argued that if, on the basis of land area, the Soviet population were to be brought on a par with the Chinese population, there would be at least 1,500 million Russians in the world, yet in fact there were only a little over 200 million living in the USSR. "Do you want the population increased to 900 million or 1 billion?" the professor challenged his colleagues.

Throughout 1957, newspapers directed that cadres "must promote appropriate birth control." Traveling exhibitions went deep into outlying areas, showing peasants how easy life was when there were only two or three children in a family, but how unpleasant things could become when too many offspring had to be fed and clothed.

After three years of appeals, the Chinese still did not respond. For the largely uneducated masses, marriage, sex and childbirth were deep mysteries, and if man interfered with the wonderful ways of nature there could only be trouble.

Frederick Nossal, on the staff of The Globe and Mail, *Toronto, was the first Western newspaper man to open a bureau for his paper in Peking. This was in 1959; subsequently, he was expelled from the country. He is the author of the recently published* Dateline Peking *(Harcourt, Brace and World).*

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Also, they said, what business had the government telling people how to lead their private lives? Peking's Malthusians finally hauled down the flag, and the wave of lectures and articles ceased. The birth-control campaign collapsed, and the Chinese went on having babies.

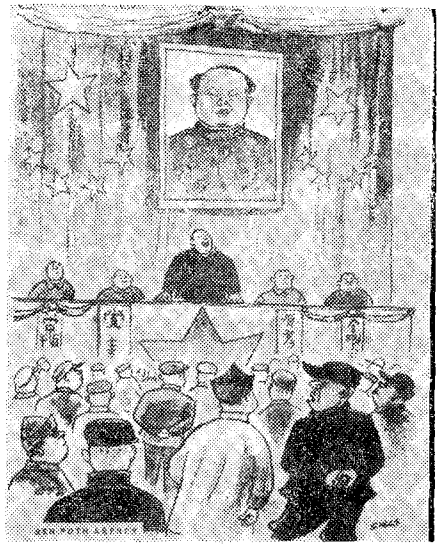
In yet another complete policy switch, Mao Tse-tung suddenly began preaching his doctrine of power by population. China's masses would insure the survival of the race. "China's big population is a very good thing," he said one day. "The rate of population increase is indeed a symbol of bliss." The Chinese Communist Press and radio frequently used these Maoist quotes during the Great Leap Forward years between 1958 and 1960, when nearly a half-billion Chinese were used in a frantic attempt to industrialize Asia's most impatient giant.

Even young children and old men were put to work. China's quarrel with the Indonesians over the status of overseas Chinese merchants proved a handy propaganda outlet for Peking. China was short of people, said the Communists. Come home to the motherland, the call went out to overseas Chinese. China needs more labor, more human hands to dig the ditches and build the earth and stone mountains that formed the nation's new dams.

Professor Ma was fired for questioning the wisdom of an uncontrolled population, and all those who asked whether there would be sufficient food for unlimited numbers of Chinese were silenced with sharp reminders that the infallible thinking of Mao Tse-tung could and would solve all problems.

But like the initial, hurriedly arranged birth-control campaign, the Great Leap Forward — begun with too little planning — was a miserable failure. In 1960, the strain on the population became too much to bear, and the economy continued to sink lower. By 1961, the Chinese Communists were searching for grain throughout the world to help feed their hungry masses.

Last year, when the planners were again asked to take control of the sagging economy, Peking took another look at its population. The leap in numbers had brought not power, but disaster.



"While he's been yapping, 1,800 new listeners have been born."

People were not starving en masse, but they were very, very hungry. Meanwhile, another 12 million to 15 million people were being added to China's numbers each year. Long before the end of the decade, predicted the world's demographers, the Peking regime would be controlling 800 millions, and by 1980 the number would rise to one billion — as many people as occupied the entire globe only just over a century ago. One billion mouths to feed — and two billion outstretched hands, begging the government for minimal improvements in living standards, for a few more clothing coupons, and for better housing!

Last year this awe-inspiring prospect finally filtered through the layers of Marxist dogma which Mao Tse-tung and his lieutenants had placed between them and reality.

China has two hopes of attaining world supremacy — the possibility of a disastrous nuclear war which could leave China as the probable victor (if only because of her population), or the gradual enrichment of the huge Chinese nation through education and population control.

The latter obviously would be a very long process lasting generations. This, of course, may not appeal to a Communist crusader like Mao Tse-tung, who would prefer to see some solution to China's countless problems in his lifetime. But with the furious Kremlin leaders accusing Mao of being a warmonger and with internal economies far from healthy, the plans for reducing Chinese numbers were dragged from their shelves where they had been lying idle for about four years.

Five years ago several gynaecologists, obstetricians, other medical men and demographers stressed at a birth-control symposium held in Peking that they favored unlimited voluntary sterilization. Today the Peking regime once again agrees with them.

In many cities, birth-control clinics have opened, and times of attendances are advertised in the daily press. Various contraceptive methods are being given wide publicity. Hospitals and medical colleges have been ordered to give advice and guidance to the public on family planning, and in many centers people are being urged to take advantage of sterilization facilities. Legalized abortion has become far more common.

But while information about various methods of contraception is available to all (mothers with large families who wish to avoid further pregnancies are given advice in newspaper correspondence columns with clinical frankness), the stress is definitely on late marriages. The legal marriage age in China is eighteen for women and twenty for men, but today pressure is being applied to all levels of society to remind young people that these are minimum ages, and that the ideal marriage should be contracted much later.

Peking has realized that the ruthless methods which were used in 1957, when large families were virtually ordered to attend birth-control clinics, had only harmed its cause. The new approach is one of sweet reasonableness; nevertheless, everyone is made aware of the fact that for the time being, large families are frowned upon by the Communists as unpatriotic. After all, says Peking, couples with too many children hinder the revolution, since the parents cannot concentrate on national production.

The late-marriage campaign is presenting a real challenge to the Chinese Communist equivalent of the Western "Advice to the Lovelorn" newspaper columns. One recent gaff in the Peking *Kung-jen Ribao* (*Worker's Daily*) appeared under the heading "It is not advisable to fall in love during apprenticeship." Wrote Pai Yu to the editor: "As a number of women apprentice

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workers in the 17-18 age group in our factory appear to be obsessed with their mating problems most of the time, their technical progress has been badly affected. Since these young women joined the factory, the leadership has shown them warm concern, and has tried every means to provide them with facilities for acquiring skills."

Doubtless the *Worker's Daily* has been officially advised to word future letters with just a little more prudence. Love and marriage in Chinese society, even under the Communists, must be handled much more gingerly than in the West. Thousands of years of tradition have gone to make sex a subject which simply is not discussed openly, and in many regions even Peking's blunt form of propaganda has failed to lift the barriers of ignorance.

In the cities, doctors, obstetricians and psychologists are doing their bit for the regime. One of the leaders of the marriage- and birth-control campaign is Professor Yeh Kung-shao, of the Peking Medical College. Writing in the influential *China Youth*, Professor Yeh declared that the ideal is for women to be married between 23 and 25, and for men from 25 to 29. He suggested that mothers should not bear children before 26 or 27, and that for the sake of health they should have only two children. "We should have fewer but better children," he argued. "When conditions permit, we may consider a third one, but it is best not to have any more than three." He urged spacing the two children over a period of three to five years and he likened pregnancy, birth and subsequent breast-feeding to a major operation, after which the mother should have a recuperation period lasting eighteen months to two years.

He said he was strongly opposed to marriage by young students, and particularly to girl university students bearing children while still attending school. He reminded his readers that in China it was not easy to get higher education, the cost of which he claimed was met by the state. "Annual expenditure for one university student," he wrote, "is equivalent to the fruit of labor of six to seven peasants toiling throughout the entire year. But once a student marries and has children, he or she will have to devote part of the time and energy to the children and family life. In this way, how can the student study properly?"

Most of the letters to the editors — some genuine, and others obvious plants by the Communist Party — stress that serious study, knowledge, national production and "the great ideals of the new society" are far more important than mere wedded bliss and the patter of little feet. The official line is that the only worth-while joy on earth is communism. But in the same way as the recent switchback from industry to agriculture, and the temporary dismantling of the communes, the somersault to birth control is proving extremely difficult to execute.

How can the party, which spent the last fourteen years eulogizing the wisdom of the masses, tell these same people now that there are too many of them? And yet this is exactly what the Communists must do if the Peking regime is to avoid a recurrence of the economic desolation that followed the colossal blunders of the hastily improvised Great Leap Forward.

If the Communist Party succeeds in limiting the nation's numbers during the next few decades, and creating a richer China, Mao Tse-tung will go down in history as one of the great political geniuses of his age. If not, if the Chinese continue to multiply and go hungry for many more generations, Mao's revolution will have failed in its principal objective of bettering Chinese living standards.

Computing 'ad absurdum' . . . Hilbert Schenck, Jr.

While there are many evil or misguided souls around for the peace-oriented person to castigate, none raises more hackles than the war-simulation expert with his winking, blinking IBM 7090 computer. Non-technical persons of good will have difficulty sharing a common humanity with these experts of the overkill, "soft" targets and "counter-force plus bonus." What is remarkable to me is that the scientific and engineering communities, whatever their moral position, have displayed such blindness in their acceptance of the purely scientific claims of the war-simulation gang —claims so unsupported by even the most rudimentary scientific controls as to belong in the class of the electric healing belt and seaweed tonics that restore vitality.

The crux of the difficulty is nicely summarized in a quote from Leonardo da Vinci which appeared, appropriately enough, in an institutional ad for RAND Corporation, the ultimate think-factory and spawner of Herman Kahn and *On Thermonuclear War*. Leonardo muses regarding experimentation: "I shall begin by making some experiments before I proceed further; for it is my intention to first consult experience and then show by reasoning why that experience was bound to turn out as it did. . . . Experience never errs; what alone may err is our judgment. . . . "

Let's see how this reasonable dictum fits into the wonderful world of operations research (O.R.), Monte Carlo simulations and game-playing. As a simple, nonviolent example, consider the tribulations of a future graduate student of mine who might decide to study the traffic patterns of a hypothetical mid-town area. He knows that any purely mathematical solution of a realistic traffic situation is impossible. Instead, he decides to make a numerical model of the several city blocks and study it on a computer. By using random-number generators, he provides "cars" on the streets and these random numbers can also be used for "driver decisions"; i.e., whether a given car parks, turns left or right, and so on. Having written this program, he sets the computer to work actually

Hilbert Schenck, Jr., who teaches mechanical engineering at Clarkson College of Technology, is the author of several engineering textbooks.

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simulating the flow of traffic through the several blocks and observing how waiting lines form at intersections. Eventually, he will compile a lengthy history of this model's behavior under various vehicle input-rates.

At this point, I think, both the engineer and non-technologist would know what should come next. The student must now relate this hypothetical and probably simplified model to objective reality. In Leonardo's words, he should "consult experience" as it might be described in a highway-journal article on waiting-line generation in an actual city. Will his model match the actual data? Probably it will have both similarities and very many differences.

Suppose that I am an irresponsible mentor to my pupil or, equally likely, I am temporarily in Washington. I fail to insist that he make this check. Instead, he starts to develop a new and more sophisticated model. The computer has become bigger and faster, thanks to a grant, and my student can generate traffic-input distributions with more statistical skill. New methods for programing exist. Now his model city blocks have cops and stoplights. Parking desires of our hypothetical drivers are not just random, but can be increased in certain blocks by store sales. Some streets can be torn up and cut to a single lane of traffic. One-way streets, no-left-turns and stop-and-enter constraints can be programed into the machine. The student's second-generation traffic model is now a positive wonder and, of course, generates reams of very complex and useful-appearing data.

Since I am still communing at the Pentagon, my young alter ego launches himself into a universe of super-realistic constraints and possibilities, his third-generation traffic model. Now driver psychology is included. "Weaving" and line-forcing from side streets are possible. Fire engines and ambulances dash occasionally through the model and the rush hour is introduced. Buses and trucks making deliveries come on the scene and the amount of data produced staggers even the old hands at the computing center. Finally I return to the campus and find—what? My poor student has wasted a year and a half of his life on a useless series of computations.

His first-generation or simple model, it is true, had certain similarities with real traffic patterns. But by failing to ponder the essential differences, he made his more sophisticated models even less realistic. For example, he failed to realize that a driver at a light can see a waiting line formed in the next block and may refuse to enter his intersection until it starts moving, thereby generating an all-important time-lag back through the multiple queues behind him. He did not notice that when drivers turn left at a four-way intersection, they often block the right-hand street while waiting for facing traffic to go by. Somehow the programs never included a reasonable line-blocking period for a car attempting to back into a parking space. And so on. As my student's models became more complex, the results from the computer became more and more incorrect and unrealistic. Like a nuclear-chain reaction, each new detail added to the model produced a new divergence from the real conditions until finally the student's grand model, occupying every memory cell of the university computer, became one of an infinity of simulations that do not simulate anything real.

Now I submit that the cool young men of RAND and a hundred other computing centers are in the same boat with my mythical student. For it is in the nature of thermonuclear war that no gaming model, whatever its sophistication, is amenable to even a shred of experimental proof. Much effort, for example, goes into simulations in which the resources of the United States are distributed around and about among the several deterrents; i.e., Polaris, Minuteman, shelters, etc. Simulated battles with Russia are played out inside the big machines with data in the form of casualties coming out at the rate of six hundred lines a minute—all of it the purest baloney. As the machines get larger and the programers more ingenious, the simulations become more intricate. Yet each new generation of simulated wars builds on the previous ones, and none has any connection whatever with the most elementary considerations of scientific verification.

These simulations are surely the most advanced and complex ever conceived. They are vastly more detailed than any traffic model. One would imagine that a "science" capable of making not just vague comments but hard, numeric predictions on the probable results of world-wide cataclysms for which no previous data exists, would be quite a science indeed. But consider: The economy of the United States is amenable to simulation and gaming techniques. It is intricate and with much feedback and interaction, heaven knows, but plenty of data already exist on its behavior. Furthermore, the general needs and aims of the units in the economy are well understood and can be concretely formulated. There is no chance that G.M. will blow up its plants because of an ideological hatred of Ford. Executives do not often lead wild, last-ditch charges against picket lines. The economics game-player need not contemplate such esoteric considerations as trading the ruination of the New York milkshed for the utter destruction of cotton mills around Raleigh.

But what happens at the slightest hint of a recession? A chaos of expertise issues forth touting at least a dozen diametrically different solutions. Indeed, two economists can appear before Congress with the identical figures and draw utterly different conclusions from them. Yet if such a well-documented and carefully probed system, large as it is, cannot be understood, what are we to say about friend Herman Kahn and his very definite figures concerning the number saved by shelters or the rebuilding of urban centers in X years? This is not science, it is scientism. It relates to astrology, organic farming and the divination of the future by studying the entrails of rabbits. Unlike these interesting pursuits, it is not harmless. For Kahn and his many friends with good Ph.D.s and minuscule moral views know perfectly well that fairy-tale simulations of this sort can be bugged to yield any answer the analyst wants. If the Department of Defense is suddenly pro-shelter, a few statistical alterations in the program and the saving of life rises in the next bomb exchange — inside the computer. Who can say that these statistics are not as good as those previously used? Not a shred of scientific proof exists either way. Somebody has to assign outcome-values in classic game-theory analysis. Suppose that somebody is a paranoid anti-Com-

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munist, a racial bigot, or a religious fanatic! Or picture this situation: In 1968, a simulation is run that deals with Kennedy's lame-duck period. The Republicans are in and our simulation indicates that the government will be too disorganized to retaliate effectively should the Russians attack. Furthermore, since our computers "know" this, so do, presumably, the Russian machines. Putting the central government under martial law, for a few months only, seems to be the only safe answer. . . .

No, big-time O.R. involving national goals and policies in the cold war is not for kids. Mostly useless as a scientific or even military tool (just remember the Bay of Pigs), it could have, perhaps is having, terrifying political effects.

Yet simulation and gaming, if applied to the more modest problems of the world, might transform it. When a barge line or a farming area or a railroad is sick, the O.R. doctor can often produce dramatic recoveries. Overcrowded, underproducing countries, trapped by a one-crop economy and power-short, cry out for the most advanced and radical simulation investigations. It is a measure of the corruption of the U.S. scientific community today that these deep-frozen young scholars, our Eichmanns-cum-computer, do not demand such challenging and fruitful problems.

The Man Who Taught Too Well . . Donovan Bess

The young person who is now determined to pursue learning, and to further his development, cannot at the present time expect a great deal of help from our society.
—Nevitt Sanford

San Francisco

A demonstration of how our society is not helping its youngsters began last April at Mills High School, a four-year-old institution surrounded by $35,000 suburban homes in the hills fifteen miles south of San Francisco.

The demonstration began when the *San Mateo Times* learned that the high-school district was firing Gordon Lish, a twenty-nine-year-old English teacher, after three years' service. Candido Santogrossi, a Mills English teacher with eleven years' experience, then revealed that he, too, was being discharged. He said this was because he had been too comradely with Lish. He said the principal, Edward T. Walsh, had no academic grounds for either firing.

A third English teacher, Charles Fraser, sent the district trustees a sorrowful letter of resignation. The dismissal of his two colleagues, Fraser wrote, was "perplexing and demoralizing to those on the faculty whom I asked for explanations." He complained that Lish had undergone "a most harrowing year of frequent, critical observations." He argued that Santogrossi was "a scholar" and "a versatile, experienced teacher." He described Lish as "one of the most brilliant, if unconventional, teachers in California."

Donovan Bess is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

Principal Walsh of Mills High is president of the Kiwanis Club of Burlingame, the wealthy suburb in which the school is situated. He is trimly built and a neat dresser with the air of a good hospital administrator. He and George W. Short, who teaches public speaking and rules the Mills English Department, perfected the case against Gordon Lish. The formal charges against this husky father of three consisted of five counts. One count, of being late to school, and another one, of being late in opening the classroom door, are enough to hang Lish — despite the fact that almost every Mills teacher is periodically late. The charges of pedagogical failures cannot be proved.

Essentially, Lish is accused: of reciting the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag too speedily (time: 8.7 seconds); of "teaching on Cloud Seven" (two clouds too high); of flouting the system by, for example, making the kids give the answers; of being "a screwball"; of wearing a hat indoors; of founding a "beatnik" literary magazine called *Genesis West*; of using the word "shit" in a short story; of being unpredictable and moody-looking; of sponsoring *avant-garde* student poetry (at Mills, poetry that does not rhyme is *avant-garde*); of being vulgar (he used the word "trash" in front of students); of having "funny furniture" in his house, as well as abstract paintings; of letting pupils get so excited about ideas their voices can be heard in the hall; of being ungentlemanly (he tells other teachers what he thinks); of saying in public such unprofessional things as "teaching is not a science, it's a passion"; of permitting the phrase "Busybody Administrator" in an issue of *Genesis West*; of promoting notions that the minority can be right; of trying to revive the individualist theories of Ralph Waldo Emerson, an unfrocked Unitarian minister; and of being manly (in defiance of the school tradition).

One of the neighbors of the school is Richard H. O'Hara who, as State Commander of the Military Order of the World Wars, has demanded that abstract art be banned from the San Mateo County Fair. He charged such art was part of a Communist plot to destroy American morals. Another famous citizen of the county is Louis Francis who, as a California Assemblyman, was author of an unsuccessful "anti-subversive" proposition and of an anti-smut bill that also failed. One of his political aides, Jane Alexander, once threatened a family with "government action" if its fifteen-year-old daughter did not withdraw a resolution introduced in a high-school civics class urging that the Communist Party be given equal rights with other parties.

Gordon Lish is not the kind of person to bloom in such social weather. Even in broad-minded San Francisco's elite Lowell High School, where Lish was a student-teacher, his reputation was tarnished with some teachers. They observed that he tended to enter the building in the morning twirling his hat on the end of a walking stick. (Lowell's principal, J. A. Perino, during a recent discussion of the Lish case, told some of his

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teachers: "I, myself, wouldn't mind a nonconformist around so long as he obeyed the rules.")

When young Lish emerged from Lowell, in 1960, his secret personnel file included this note to prospective employers: "Mr. Lish will give you some of the best classroom teaching you have ever had. Be prepared, also, for a few headaches." The Mills High School administrators evidently decided that "headaches" was merely a picturesque way of saying Lish could be counted on to entertain the faculty in its coffee-room discussions. The first months at Mills were idyllic. The school loved Lish, and Lish loved the school. Early in 1961, Dr. Walsh observed one of the English classes of his bright, new teacher. He wrote him a memorandum. "I was very impressed by your hustle," he asserted. ". . . I wish I could dilute your vigor with the rest of the faculty, and the mixture would raise the interest level of the entire student body."

Unfortunately, two months later, Lish and his accomplice, Santogrossi, founded a new Pacific Coast literary organ, *Chrysalis West*. In one issue, Lish stooped to the word "shit" in a short story. Dr. Walsh's admiration for this hustler rapidly was diluted by the larger interests of the community. This new, overactive, teaching star became a phenomenon to warrant special observation.

Lish started teaching at Mills with the idea that the Administration would support the thesis that education was meant to lead the young into ever-broadening pastures. He introduced such concepts into the regular meetings of the English Department, chaired by Mr. Short.

"Do you know, there was no manly confrontation of ideas at all," Lish has since said. "In those meetings, there was no discussion even of the substance of teaching English. Do you know that?"

He and Santogrossi co-sponsored a *petit-petit* student magazine called *Steles*. Its student editors published a parody on medieval English poetry. "Walsh didn't get it," said Santogrossi. "Short didn't get it. They called it 'beatnik.' They didn't link it to famous lines like, 'Sumer is icumen in.'" Dr. Walsh's dismay at this development was acute. He tried later to stop publication of a review of *Steles* in the student newspaper, *The Thunderbolt*.

In the autumn of 1962, Lish decided, with an angel or two, to publish an even more ambitious magazine, *Genesis West* (which has presented writing by such persons as Walter van Tilburg Clark, Harvey Swados, Stephen Spender and James T. Farrell). A week after copies of *Genesis West* were distributed publicly, a new envoy was hustled to Lish's classroom: Ernie A. Hickson, a shop teacher who had risen to the rank of vice principal. He sent Lish a memorandum in which he expressed a sense of injury. "You often used," he wrote, "terms such as 'trash,' 'sloppy' and 'dirty word.'"

It was becoming evident that Lish's career at Mills would end in June, when he must be given tenure or released. All this year, he has been harried by administrative lackeys. The man who caught him saying the Pledge of Allegiance at an unethical tempo was Dr. Morris Winward, the assistant superintendent for curriculum and a luminary in the Rotary Club. Other officials caught Lish telling his pupils they did not need to engage in hydrogen-bomb drills. "I told the kids they did not need to assume the fetal position if conscience dictated otherwise," he said, and explained: "I'm not a member of any peace group. I simply insist you have the right to dissent."

Then, on April 24, George Golding of the *San Mateo Times* audited one of Lish's classes. "I can only say that I would be overjoyed to have my children exposed to such a man," the reporter wrote. But he warned (evidently after a conference with Mr. Short), that if all fourteen of Mills's English teachers were so provocative the "organization would be chaos."

A week later, I approached Dr. Walsh and said that Lish had invited me to observe his class. The principal refused me permission. He said he had admitted Golding to the classroom because "he's a local newspaper man, a representative of a local school district newspaper" and "that paper is a local, taxpaying institution in this high school district."

The Mills unit of the California Teachers Association backed Dr. Walsh and deplored "undue publicity." (Right-thinking teachers feel it is vulgar for their problems to be made public.) At the meeting in which the teachers association statement was drafted, the minutes noted: "A particular point which was brought out was whether the statement would be in line with Dr. Walsh's wishes." The association, however, is not so boss-minded. Its president, Maurice Englander, Jr., said, "To impose orthodoxy in the teaching of English is the way of death. Many of these new teachers have been in the wars and have been around the world. They don't feel the finer points of grammar are going to save the world.

"For every Lish that goes out of teaching, there are going to be ten more that will stay out."

Candido Santogrossi — sacked from his $9,400-a-year job — said: "If you speak out as a man, you find you stand alone. If you happen to be doing what they want you to do, you're in essence a good teacher."

Charles Fraser, the young father who resigned in protest, said: "Mills High School is hostile to men who think, and who get kids to think. Lish tells them, 'Here's some raw material — think.'" A petition from seventy-five of the Mills students told the trustees: "Mr. Lish has shown us what education can be, and we want more of it, not less."

A statement typical of the Lish alumni who support him came from fifteen-year-old Ken Quandt, the

(*Continued on page 516*)

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Africa's Market Literature

J. O. Reed

Everyone is interested in Africa. It is as well for Africa that they are—and yet being the center of so much attention brings its problems. In cultural matters, for example, is the presence of a rapt world audience making the African consciousness, as it emerges, just a little self-conscious? Do African intellectuals and writers have an eye on this audience rather than on the problem? An African writer who can get even a moderately good manuscript to London or to Paris is not likely to remain unpublished, unreviewed or unrewarded, but his readers will be those interested in Africa—rather than those inside it. And when we talk about African literature, it is usually these scattered virtuoso performances by African writers we are talking about, and not the slow inglorious process by which whole peoples, newly awakened to literacy, set about persuading themselves into new worlds of imagination and value. African literature in this sense begins when we dig down under the reputations made in London, New York, Paris.

It is not impossible for a writer to operate on both levels of African literature. Chinua Achebe, a young Nigerian novelist who has had two novels, *Things Fall Apart* and *No Longer at Ease*, published in London by Heinemann's, last year brought out his first volume of short stories, *The Sacrificial Egg*. It is a pamphlet of 32 pages, costing 1/6d. It is printed and published by a firm called Etudo Limited in the Eastern Nigerian market city of Onitsha. By a book like this, will Achebe with his European reputation succeed in reaching Nigerian readers? Well, his book will first have to take its place among hundreds of others—books of about the same length and price, but rather less well printed, with none of Achebe's literary sophistication; books sometimes written, printed and published by the same man, books obtainable from the writer's address, books sold on the pavement—the literature of the Onitsha market.

West Africa is still a place where private enterprise on a microscopic scale flourishes — where a box of matches, a package of cigarettes can be a wholesale purchase, the stock for a day's retail selling. In publishing, there is an industry made up of dozens of tiny, often one-man firms, usually doing their own printing on a single machine in a small shop. "For all your printing jobs," says an advertisement. "Wedding Bells, School Report Cards, Examination Papers, Invitation Cards, Novels, Text Books. . . ." The novels referred to are these stapled pamphlets of from 20 to 70 pages, selling at a shilling or two. This local publishing industry is mainly concentrated in Onitsha, the great market city on the Eastern bank of the Niger at the point where the ferry across to Asaba provides the only direct link between Eastern and Western Nigeria. Wandering across the acres of covered markets, edging between the unending rows of stalls, walking past the wares set out on the hot pavements, you can find for sale every marketable article for which need could conceivably arise in either of two different ways of life. And scattered among the pencil boxes and second-hand copies of American magazines are the colored covers of the chapbooks that contain Onitsha market literature.

Most of this is in English; very little in the Nigerian vernaculars. None, I think, is by non-Nigerian writers. It includes fiction and non-fiction, both classes informed by serious moral and social purpose. Non-fiction ranges from *Smoking and Drinking, Their Dangerous Effects and Their Remedies*, by Nathan Obiora Ilechuku (Medical Student), through the more anecdotal *Drunkards Believe Bar Is Heaven* by S. O. Olisah, to books of general advice to the young such as *Why Harlots Hate Married Men and Love Bachelors* by C. N. O. Moneyhard, and *Master of Money* by Money Monger, M.M. But the sense that fiction is fiction and bears little relation to fact is strong among these writers, both in their practice and their protests. R. I. M. Obioha, author of *Let the World Hear My Confession*, writes in his preface: "The characters and places mentioned in this study are fictions. No damages are intended to be made, and the horrors and crimes in it had nothing to do with any human being nor to the great name of Nigeria." The glory of Nigeria is often cited as a motive for the author's work. Yet these books are not devoted to the celebration of national triumphs or traditional values, to fighting the battle of Negritude. Here and there are books of folklore—"A Story about Mammy-Water" is an example. The mammy-water is a kind of mermaid to be found in the Onitsha river, but the author warns us in his preface, "I am not here to tell you to commence to befriend the Mammy-Water, or to teach you how to get the sea-creature, but only to give you interesting information about her, as a writer."

Overwhelmingly the writers are on the side of modernism. The author of a novel called *Tragic Love* writes: "This story may raise some controversial points. By itself it deals with a conflict between new ways and old, between love and obedience." Some of Chinua Achebe's stories in *The Sacrificial Egg* deal with this conflict; his novel *No Longer at Ease* deals with it. But for Achebe, conceiving literature in a modern Western way, the interest is in the tragic possibilities of the conflict. The writer of *Tragic Love* is a wholehearted propagandist for the new values. He is on the side of the future. Of a father he writes: "He loved her very much but his stubborn will could not see that times had changed. His mind was clouded by ignorance and prejudice. He could not understand that relations between the sexes had changed. In his own time there had been nothing like love. In the time of his children however young people had been made aware of a pleasant sensation called *Love*." We are here in a world where love, and not just lovers, is young. Of a character in another novel we are told, "As soon as he returned, he never ate owing to mere satisfaction and deep meditation over love," as if courtly love had never gone out of fashion. Still, to be on the side of love, is not to be on the side of license—and these writ-

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ers are not ashamed to point a bleak moral. "Therefore readers," says one, "hear my story which is wondrous and moralizing." There are tales of the wiles of women, the dangers of ending up as a harlot instead of a housewife, the miseries of enforced marriage, the dire effects of taking brain pills before examinations. Many of these stories are written in the form of plays. They are hardly adapted to the stage, though performance is not out of the writers' minds. One of them at the end of his play offers a five-guinea prize to "the organizers of the concert party which first stage the play." There are books with political themes. Besides the factual *The Life Story and Death of Mr. Lumumba* there are three dramas, *Patrice Lumumba* (during the action of which Lumumba quotes from the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, W. E. Henley, James Russell Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes), *The Last Days of Lumumba* and *The Ghost of Patrice Lumumba.*

The language used varies from simple and strong to a kind of Elizabethan sententious style — "Shakespeare's stylish way of writing," as one author calls it. In the plays the older characters (often chiefs) who are opposed to their daughters' marrying for love, speak in pidgin English. The young characters desirous of contracting love marriages are given to quoting Shakespeare and sometimes whole passages are built out of fragments of half-remembered poetry. Yet the writing is not without an originality of imagery that springs from the preoccupations of Nigerian life. For example, "A tall yellow slender girl with a round face which nature had awarded her as a scholarship." Nigeria is already producing a kind of English not heard elsewhere, and some vagueness about pronunciation leads to fruitful confusions. Thus a back formation from "boisterous" gives the pleasant sentence, "The whole class boisted into a noisy laughter."

Reading books which are not intended for oneself is nearly always interesting. That is why we enjoy reading old books, especially when the writers were humble and practical enough not to have an eye to posterity. From the Onitsha market books we can get something of the pleasure of reading old chapbooks, the popular pamphlet literature of earlier centuries—for these books are not for us, they are a private Nigerian matter.

Truce Over Birth Control

THE TIME HAS COME. By John Rock, M.D. Alfred A. Knopf. 204 pp. $3.95.

Alan F. Guttmacher

The Time Has Come may prove to be one of the important books of our decade. Its objective is to establish a peace treaty in the war between Catholic and non-Catholic over contraception. I believe that the book, plus other recent developments, will make impossible a continuation of the full-scale birth-control battle, although local skirmishes of considerable intensity may continue for a few more years.

Dr. Rock is singularly well-equipped for the task he set himself. He has been a practicing Catholic all his life. His collegiate and medical training, received at Harvard, led him to a professorship at his alma mater and a distinguished practice in gynecology. Not being the type of physician who is content only to heal the sick, he has played an active role in aiding basic scientists to apply laboratory findings to human subjects. It was he who secured for his embryologist colleague, Hertig, a series of unfertilized and early fertilized human ova and it was he who supervised the first human trials of the then-untried Pincus birth-control pill. In addition, Dr. Rock is an iconoclast who speaks and writes eloquently, not allowing timidity to confuse the listener or reader as to his stand.

The book opens with chapters which prove that the intemperate growth of the world census poses a threat second to none. In this context, the author cites the factors which obstruct population control. Among them are man's habit to procreate to maximum capacity, an inheritance from 30,000 generations; the intimacy of the sex act, which makes public discussion of the control of its results rather difficult; the contempt among religionists for sex except as the begetter of progeny; and the fact that liberty of the individual includes choice of family size. Chapter 1 contains the first of several quotations from public statements made by Mr. Kennedy about the population problem, first while Senator and later as candidate for the Presidency and as President. It is obvious that the author admires his fellow Bostonian. "The record of his remarks over the past six years shows that he, too, knows the population problem 'cannot be swept under the rug.' . . . It may well be that substantial progress on all phases of this controversy can be made during the administration of America's first Catholic President." Developments within the last few months, beginning with the statement before the UN by Mr. Richard Gardiner, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, in December and including the April announcement that our government has lifted its ban against giving technical and financial aid on population control to countries requesting it, support Dr. Rock's optimism.

The book next reviews the evolution of Catholic attitudes toward the purposes of marriage, responsible parenthood and the population dilemma. The progression in viewpoint is demonstrated largely through papal pronouncements of the last thirty years. It becomes clear that in these three areas there now remains no fundamental difference of opinion between Catholic and non-Catholic, but Dr. Rock makes a point long known to those of us in the Planned Parenthood movement: "there is often a gap between theological and parish thinking." Usually the higher the churchman stands in the hierarchy, the greater the areas of agreement between him and us.

Rock speaks as the iconoclast in the chapter, "New Light on the Natural Law." All that is left of the birth-control dispute centers on the permissible means of preventing pregnancy. According to Church dogma, "natural law" requires that married couples do nothing unnatural to thwart impregnation. Thus far, this

Alan F. Guttmacher, M.D., is president of The Planned Parenthood Federation of America.

The Card-Players

How we envy their not caring,
their sculptural crossing of legs,
their idle tossing of cards!
When they get up they are satisfied
as if from work. They rub
their hands,
adjust belts,
jingle change in the pocket,
see that their wives have been loyal
in their absence.
And all the time they have been
fishy enough for a painting by Cézanne.

David Ray

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has been interpreted to mean that any technique for contraception other than properly timed abstinence is unnatural. The author suggests "that natural law philosophy cannot be regarded as a completed system." For reference, he points to the Church's change of attitude toward moneylenders. "Was it not the light of political and economic science that refracted the rigidity of the dogmas against moneylenders to make clear that it was only the taking of unfair interest that was condemnable?"

If the differences between Catholics and non-Catholics, then, pertain only to methods and not to objectives, Dr. Rock concludes that there is nothing to justify a continuation of public dispute. In the section, "The Conflict Over Public Policy," he takes the position, held by many liberal Catholic leaders, that the archaic, unenforceable anti-birth-control laws of Massachusetts and Connecticut should immediately be repealed. The author favors compromise regulations in regard to birth-control services administered by health and welfare departments. His five rules are:

1. Family planning, whether by contraception or continence, is both a religious matter, involving the individual consciences of husbands and wives, and a medical problem, involving considerations of the health and well-being of families and, thus, of society.

2. The State has no competence—and no right—to legislate on the religious aspects of the problem.

3. In the medical programs operated by the State, however, proper medical care normally requires the provision of family planning services. In these programs, all restrictions on birth control, written or unwritten, should be removed.

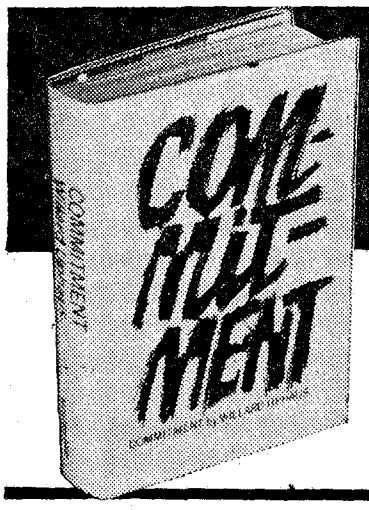
4. In public facilities, no one should be compelled to accept birth control, or to participate in a birth-control program, against his will.

5. All methods of family planning, including the rhythm method, should be offered so that the adherent of any faith may choose a method that accords with his own conscience.

The concluding section of this excellent book is called "The Promise of Research." Dr. Rock points out that research is the logical key to unlock doctrinal disagreement. Certainly there "is little likelihood in the immediate future of doctrinal agreement within the limits of the family planning methods now available. One can hardly expect acceptance by non-Catholic physicians of only the rhythm method when it fails two or three times as often as the best medical or mechanical methods. Nor do Catholic moralists show more than gossamer signs that they will eventually see these agents in the same light as their non-Catholic colleagues." These facts so clearly stated are an eloquent plea for governmental and private investment of research funds in the physiolgy of reproduction. Such a program would lead to the discovery of new reliable methods of birth control, some of which might well be acceptable within the framework of Catholic theology.

Most Catholics who have publicly expressed an opinion about "the pill" have declared that it is not a licit method of planning parenthood. Dr. Rock, again the iconoclast, raises his layman's voice in disagreement.

My reasoning is based, in part, on the fact that the rhythm method, which is sanctioned by the Church, depends precisely on the secretion



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of progesterone from the ovaries, which action these compounds merely duplicate. It is progesterone, in the healthy woman, that prevents ovulation and establishes the pre- and post-menstrual "safe period." The physiology underlying the spontaneous "safe period" is identical to that initiated by the steroid compounds and is equally harmless to the individual. Indeed, the use of the compounds for fertility control may be characterized as a "pill-established safe period" and would seem to carry the same moral implications.

The report in *The New York Times* from Boston, April 20, featured Cardinal Cushing's disagreement with Dr. Rock concerning the pill. This is unfortunate emphasis. Far more important is His Eminence's general approval of the main thesis of his parishioner's book. Cardinal Cushing stated:

In this book there is much that is good. The author has presented a detailed and graphic account of the history of the birth control controversy . . . and many times he rightly criticizes the excesses to which some Catholics have gone in this matter. . . . He presents many cogent arguments for the formation of a public policy on birth control, and some of his suggestions could contribute to the establishment of domestic peace in our pluralistic society.

This 200-page, highly readable, scholarly volume has every likelihood of forming a basis for early peace in the birth-control wars. As one of the soldiers, I fervently hope so.

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Last Initiation

NOTES FROM A BOTTLE FOUND ON THE BEACH AT CARMEL. By Evan S. Connell, Jr. Viking Press. 242 pp. $6.

Hayden Carruth

It is said that the initiation ceremonies for the higher degrees of Freemasonry are conducted in a round chamber (signifying the womb), upon the walls of which are emblems, similar to the pictures on tarot cards, intended to remind the initiate of the important events of man's spiritual past and the specifications of his hope and despair.

Something like this is the aim of Evan Connell's extraordinary book. He wishes to assemble the fragments of mankind's spiritual and intellectual past, and to offer them as admonitory devices for shaping the individual conscience. The initiation he has in mind, however, is not a passage to mystical grace, certainly not a passage to the cheap Masonic fraternalism of today, but quite simply a passage into the expectation of universal annihilation. His *Notes* are what one intelligent, sensitive artist has been able to salvage from all experience as a testimony to the rather pathetic integrity of the human species in the face of extinction.

The book is no manual or tract, however, although its political meaning is unmistakable, but a work of art, even a work of high art. This must be made plain from the beginning, and actually it is close to an ending too; the book reviewer confronted with a work of such scope cannot honestly attempt particular judgments. All he can do is record his impressions, personal, tentative and incomplete.

1. Verbally considered, Connell's work seems impeccable. His *Notes* are beautifully written. Most of the book is prose, arranged in typographical patterns which emphasize the rhythm; but the language modulates rather frequently and spontaneously into poetry. Some readers may say it is poetry throughout, or at least "poetic"; but I prefer my own description as a more precise statement of the formal significance of Connell's style. The tone, being rather dry, supports my feeling. It reminds me of Camus more than anyone else, especially the recently published *Carnets*. Some of Connell's notes could be interchanged with those of Camus without anyone noticing.

2. The substance, as I've said, is chiefly the cultural past, broadly interpreted. Certain areas are levied upon heavily: the great explorations, especially those of the Vikings and Conquistadors; the gnostic (as opposed to Thomist) tradition of medieval thought; the Vedantic tradition; the works of early scientists from Copernicus to Newton; episodes of witchcraft and witch hunting, and much more. The endless termination of endless human endeavor in despair, folly and failure is the burden of these hundreds of instances. There is a good deal of repetition and restatement. For my taste the emphasis on heresy, alchemy and the gnostic tradition generally is too strong; it pushes the whole work in the direction of curiosa, and I detect a flavor of Nostradamus. But it is axiomatic that periods of calamity give birth to prophetic texts. Certainly Connell's tone is clear, his attitude is pointedly modern, and he deals with his historical materials in an almost patient, craftsmanlike, not at all cryptic, way. The matter of the book is decidedly, even decisively, sibylline, oracular or, as Connell would say, vatic; but the manner is as temperate as anyone could wish.

3. The organization is loose and associative, and this may be the greatest flaw. True, there is a vague narrative of a journey. The protagonist, variously identified as the Magus, the dreamer, et al., is said to be on board ship, and from time to time the coordinates of latitude and longitude are given. (This accounts for the cumbersome title.) But his voyage progresses, in time and space, according to no itinerary that I have recognized, and the work cannot be said to have any formal organization beyond that generated from the writer's motives and personality. Hence it could have been half as long or twice

Hayden Carruth's most recent collections of poetry are The Norfolk Poems *(Prairie Press) and* Journey to a Known Place *(New Directions).*

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as long as it is, which is 243 pages, without any violation of inner principle. Possibly the former alternative would have been advisable, although I'm sure many readers will feel that the amorphousness is quite suitable to Connell's theme and to the age. Without getting into the question of the validity of imitative form, one may point to its ceaseless attraction for writers and, I think, for readers.

4. What are the immediate comparisons? The *Cantos*, *Finnegans Wake*, the *Anathemata* of David Jones, perhaps works by Williams, Perse, Benn, Octavio Paz and others. Connell is superior to all of them on the count of lucidity; he has been conscious, I think, even too conscious, of the need, in constructing a work of this kind, to recoil from the areas of esoterica and academicism toward a more public commitment. Hence, although his work contains a formidable miscellany of learning, it is presented extensively rather than intensively, and the ordinary reader will have no difficulty whatever in following the text. Moreover, the work is threaded with a running commentary on itself: statements that this is an allusion, this is a reference to contemporary life, this is a translation from a foreign text, etc. There is perhaps too much of this, and it may be also that some of Connell's references have been made so fully public that they are merely corny. I am thinking of his use of Yeats's Byzantium, the story of the Wandering Jew, the East-West and sleeping-waking dichotomies, and such rhetorical devices as "It is said that," "It happened that," "I feel it incumbent on me to record that," etc. In general and within the limits of his style, Connell writes quite as well as his elders—a remarkable achievement—but his work appears to lack the fundamental tension which they secured through the more complex organization of their attitudes and perhaps also through the knowledge that these attitudes were, in their time, genuinely new.

5. I end with great admiration for Connell's writing. His tone and feeling are far more germane to my state of existence than anything in the work of the earlier generation. Eliot's manipulation of historical allusion to attain a sense of depth-in-time seems quite awkward compared to Connell's, for instance, although Eliot has the better ear and a keener dramatic awareness. Yet I remain not wholly satisfied with Connell, and I am wondering why. Granted, my temperament doesn't permit me to follow Connell to the excruciating end of his pessimism; but this is the kind of variance one puts aside in submitting to a work of art. My dissatisfaction is aesthetic, and this continues, perhaps unfortunately, to be important. (What I am saying is tentative, of course.) It may be that the artistic defects of the *Notes*, if they really are defects, are inseparable from the tone and feeling I have praised: every artistic objective contains its own necessary failure. These are matters which must be studied at length. Let it suffice, meanwhile, to say that Connell's objective has been very high indeed, nothing less than conclusive, and that he has striven toward it with skill, intelligence, honesty, imagination and courage.

ART

Hilton Kramer

Everyone interested in the visual expression of political emotion—one is tempted to say, everyone interested in both politics and art—will want to see the exhibition called "Weimar-Nürnberg-Bonn" which Paul Mocsanyi has organized for the Art Center of The New School for Social Research. Consisting of more than eighty German posters from the period 1919-1961, the exhibition is at once a stunning documentary survey of the political life of Germany in the years of the Weimar Republic, the Third Reich and the Adenauer regime, and a vivid demonstration of the ways in which modern visual styles (expressionism particularly) have been adapted to political purposes. The focus of the exhibition is emphatically political, yet it is no less important as a commentary on the uses to which politics, and especially extremist politics, has put modern visual aesthetics. It thus raises a question about the appositeness of *avant-garde* styles to political goals.

Modern art as a whole has had a far more explicit connection with social and political ideologies than is now commonly supposed. The total victory in our own day of middle-class sensibility over *avant-garde* style has obscured for us the degree to which many *avant-garde* movements (certainly a majority) derived a good deal of their force and momentum from an overt attempt to change the quality —and at times, even the organization —of the societies in which they were conceived. Futurism, expressionism, constructivism, Dada, surrealism — these and other movements all had a political component that cannot be completely assimilated to the purely formalistic analysis to which the middle-class temper of the Western democracies has reduced most serious discussion of art. Even artists such as Mondrian and Gabo, whose styles seem totally absorbed in formal considerations, cannot really be understood apart from the social ideologies which acted as an impetus and an ideal in their aesthetic formulations.

Of all the countries in which a significant affinity existed between vanguard aesthetics and political extremism, Germany carried the association to its most compelling realization. The German expressionist movement, unlike its Fauvist counterpart in France, was in large measure conceived as an attack on the stultifying effects of industrialism, commercialism and bourgeois morality. Its orientation was bohemian, vitalist, anarchist and primitivistic; its literary gods were Whitman, Strindberg, Rimbaud. Its social commitments alternated between an idealism that

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yearned to redeem society on a more life-enhancing foundation and a nihilism that was unconcerned with anything but an aesthetically articulated rejection of the *status quo*.

This expressionist fulcrum gave rise, under the pressures of the First World War, to both Dada and the Bauhaus. The latter, with its Socialist bias and its ultimate acceptance of industrialism, consciously sought to implement the social idealism of expressionism, whereas Dada was for the most part concerned only to make an aesthetic demonstration of its anarchist-nihilist revolt. In no other movement, moreover, was graphic art given so prominent and central a role.

In the historical development from the *Brücke* group through the activities of the Bauhaus, graphic art enjoyed a status equal to that of painting, and it was precisely in the graphic medium that aesthetics and social ideology confronted each other most explicitly.

The posters that Mr. Mocsanyi has brought together at The New School all derive, in one degree or another, from this conjunction of art and politics that the expressionist-Bauhaus ideal made possible. They are, by and large, extraordinarily powerful as visual statements, and at times absolutely blistering in the brutality of their appeal. Though drawn from different political sources — Communist, Social Democratic, Nazi and Christian Democratic—they are amazingly consistent both in their appeal to crude emotion and in the artistic devices by means of which the appeal is made. Perhaps the most disconcerting aspect of this exhibition, which as a whole leaves a heavy burden on one's conscience and sensibility, is its demonstration of how easily a brutal political idea can turn even the most humanistically conceived element of style to its own purposes. Indeed, I should say that the most moving and humane drawing in the entire exhibition is to be found in a 1932 poster showing a group of forlorn proletarian faces in a crowd—a drawing entirely in the vein of Kaethe Kollwitz, and altogether as sensitive and felt—whose caption reads: *"Our last hope! Hitler!"* And it is no less dismaying to anyone who has been deeply attracted to the graphic accomplishments of the *Brücke* group to see its revival of the woodcut and the bold dramatic line placed in the service of the most vicious anti-Semitism and the murderous German war machine. Just as Nazi rhetoric is said to have left a permanent scar on the German language, the use of expressionist graphic devices by the Nazis and others has inflicted a deep wound on the aesthetic viability of the whole expressionist tradition.

In all modern industrial societies, art is constantly being subjected to the kind of corruption that inevitably follows from the application of its effects to purposes that are alien to its conception. In our own society, this corruption (more or less benevolent in intention) is performed by the advertising business rather than by political groups. Visual art, which is concerned to make discriminations of feeling, is converted into graphic design, which is concerned to manipulate our feelings for the purposes of action. What is clear, I think, at this point in modern history is that art itself is utterly helpless in determining the speed and the purpose of this conversion of its own energy and invention to non-artistic, socially determined objectives. To recognize this helplessness is not to denigrate art itself, but only to recognize the limits that our technological society has placed on it.

What is also clear, I think, is that the particular way in which art is transformed into design provides an

In the Theatre of the Absurd

In the Theatre of the Absurd,
the Pacific coral stage
where we practice bombs,
the fish swim on land
and the birds burrow
deep into earth;
and the old, withered character,
the sea turtle
lays sterile eggs,
then flapping slowly
like a clown beneath
the weight of archaic armor,
turns toward the quiet sea,
sense of direction killed by radiation
wanders in comic circles
around around around
watched by staring birds
crawling finally
into an illusion of water
flippers swimming
blissfully on sand
the anti-hero.

James Schevill

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extremely vivid profile of the society in which the transformation is made. In this respect, the "Weimar-Nürnberg-Bonn" exhibition leaves one with the image of a society in which technical finesse and brutish feeling live (even today) on the most intimate and reciprocal terms.

Mr. Mocsanyi has announced that this is to be "the first in a series [of exhibitions] depicting the use and value of art as a political weapon," and one is indeed grateful that someone in the timid world where exhibitions are nowadays conceived has at last faced up to this least explored aspect of the art of our time. Mr. Mocsanyi has worked both as an art critic and a political journalist; as a European, he has seen both the art and the political tragedy of our century develop at first hand. He is thus well placed to execute this series with intelligence and tact. The posters in the current exhibition have never before been exhibited outside of Germany, and we are already in Mr. Mocsanyi's debt for an illuminating—if also completely depressing—glimpse at a difficult theme. The story he is unfolding for us is not pretty, but it is at the center of our history.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

Ingmar Bergman's *Winter Light* is an exercise in total gloom, composed with daguerreotype elegance and photographed according to the specifications of the title. It is pessimistic to the point of caricature; with only the slightest push it flips over into a parody of Scandinavian dolor. For example:

After morning services on this particular Sunday, a young farmer is shepherded by his pregnant wife into the pastor's study. The man has been crushed into speechless melancholy by brooding on the malevolence of the Chinese Communists and on the probability that they will set nuclear fire to the earth. He is urged to take his wife home and come back for an inspiriting chat. But in the interval the pastor, already depressed by an incipient attack of flu, is struck by the realization that God no longer speaks to him; and the doom-ridden farmer is greeted on his return with hysterical protestations of spiritual impotence. This outburst embarrasses the young man and does nothing to brighten his outlook; he excuses himself and on the way home puts a bullet through his head.

As though this were not enough for one Sunday, the sniffling cleric finds that a crisis has come to a head in his own emotional life. A widower for some years, he has formed a liaison with the local school mistress, a woman suffering from extreme myopia, periodic eczema, a cloying personality and a loutish gait. She chooses this unlucky day to press for marriage, on the ground that only the pastor can give her life a meaning it so achingly lacks. This appeal is not calculated to move a man who can find no meaning in his own life. He tells her so, adding that her body and mind have long repelled and revolted him and explaining that he has hitherto been prevented from making his feelings clear by a chivalrous regard for the opposite sex.

So on to vespers. In an interval before the summoning bell, the verger, a twisted man of ambiguous mien, raises with the postor the topic of Christ's crucifixion. The gospels, he thinks, lay too much emphasis on Our Saviour's physical agony. It cannot have been so great; indeed, he presumes to believe that his own body is in keener and more prolonged distress. The true torment of Christ was the realization that not one of His Disciples had understood one word that He had said in all their years together — a torment of loneliness expressed at the end in "My God, my God! Why has thou forsaken me?"

The pastor takes this rather familiar homily very personally — as indeed he is intended to do: it seems clear that the crooked little man is the devil himself, intent as usual on temptation. Fortified thus in his pride, and having quite abandoned his soul, the pastor steps before the altar to lead evening prayers in a church empty save for mistress, verger and a Caliban organist in the choir loft.

It will be complained that I make light of Mr. Bergman's pessimism. I think he made light of it in the first place by constructing it on the decline of a trivial man.

It is clear by now what the Boulting brothers are up to; they are knocking out, one by one, the props that hold up the British Establishment. The latest — following in the manner of *I'm All Right, Jack, The Man in a Cocked Hat, Brothers in Law*, etc. — is *Heavens Above!*, based on an idea by Malcolm Mug-

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geridge and once again starring Peter Sellers. The victim this time is the Church of England, the style again combines irony, slapstick, preposterous coincidence and uninhibited gags with a deep, unblinking bitterness. The distinguishing mark of the Boulting brand of iconoclasm — and what makes it incomparably the most trenchant criticism to be seen on the screen — is that it spares its heroes no more than its villains. Where the bad guys are hypocrites, finaglers, cowards and pigs, the good guys are naive, short-sighted, self-intoxicated and asses. Thus in *Heavens Above!* the Reverend John Smallwood (Sellers) applies the injunctions of the New Testament with a literal and sweeping superficiality that not only confounds the princes and patrons of his church but brings violence and disaster to the economic and social life of what had been a going (albeit godless) English town. It is characteristic of a Boulting hero that he throws out the baby with the bath, and the characteristic effect of one of the brothers' pictures is to make the audience think while it laughs. Very disagreeable of them.

I sometimes wish that these bold inventive movie-makers would take their scripts a little more seriously and edit themselves a little more strictly. Fantasy ought to be plausible within its own terms and not all the gags that break up a rehearsal are worth playing—particularly not worth playing with variations. Occasionally their exaggerations become merely silly and their wit merely vulgar. But perhaps the only way they can work is to throw everything they think of at the electric fan and then photograph the bustle that ensues. In that case they should keep on flinging — they possess the only really nasty laughs in the business.

(Continued from page 508)

son of a Burlingame painting contractor. "It just opened a new world to me," he said. "I got interested in thoughts, and theories and ideas." His father, Fred A. Quandt, audited a class. "The kids were giving Mr. Lish the answers," he reports. "In a tender and helpful manner, everyone in that class wants to help the others get the answer."

This spring, *Steles* officially ceased to exist. The administration of this wealthy school district was unable to dig up $200 necessary to continue it. In a bootleg issue financed by students, a poem of Ken Quandt gives a clue to what happened to his psyche after a year of Lish's instruction:

Folds of heat come in
Through the window following long
As summer is back

Lines of parallel
Link on greenish pond of black
Why sink tired pod?

Cashmere soft with fur,
Smooth with love of heart and
breast
Neck of warmth and cool.

A stork's eye bears with
Condescending looks of gray—
With all lights held dark

Absurd, still here it is—
Synecdoche of tone and mood . . .
On we go with war.

The high-school district trustees met on May 9 in San Mateo to decide whether to grant a public hearing on the Lish case. The board room was filled with eighty-eight spectators. On the lawns outside the open windows, 150 teachers, students and parents tried to overhear the proceedings. Some of them urged the board to move the hearing into a nearby auditorium. But the trustees' counsel, Frank Piombo, declared: "There is no requirement that this be held in an amphitheater or in a closet." One of those who could not get into the hearing room was Charles Fraser. Officers of the California Teachers Association were inside. They sat listening, aloof with folded arms.

The four trustees present agreed to a full hearing on June 6. Lish's wife, Frances, said, "In spite of all, he'll go right back into that class, turn his back on the administration and teach, if they'll let him."

His prospects for reinstatement are about as good as those of a bull in the Barcelona ring.

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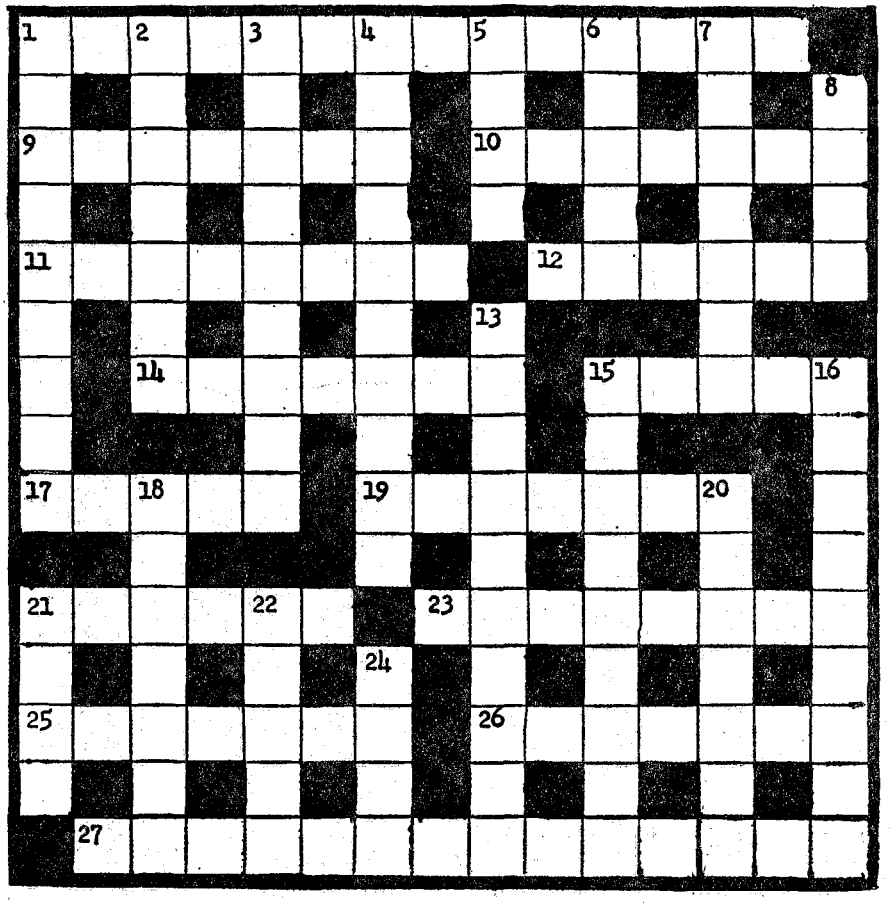
Crossword Puzzle No. 1014

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One of two lines of writing. (6, 2, 6)
9 See 21 down
10 You might want a ticket for his performance, so give a little change for it. (7)
11 See 5 down
12 Proving Latin's as confusing as Russian. (6)
14 Does he make his report at the beginning of the run? (7)
15 Such operations are not always left to the barracks detail. (3-2)
17 See 8 down
19 Intermediate between gasoline and benzine. (7)
21 Did they keep the Spirit of '76 at a high pitch? (6)
23 Box with lines on it, possibly seen in a recent Hitchcock. (8)
25 Most movements do not consider such a fringe benefit. (7)
26 and 2 down Not equivalent to a left-bank binge, though its set is probably rather fast. (7, 2,5)
27 They may try to put whatever habits they display in the best light. (6, 8)

DOWN:

1 Cog, not all of which is tasteful. (9)
2 See 26 across
3 Compound of nitrate, in passing?
4 Through dining? If so, they'll never accuse you of it. (10)
5 and 11 Is the disillusioned judge like steel? (4-8)
6 But the daylight sick, according to Portia. (5)
7 Write poorly about the sort of love to encompass. (7)
8 and 17 Not a regatta — it's where they 23 without argument. (4, 5)
13 Used for much more festive occasions than funerals, despite the name. (5,5)
15 Are the requisites from the same trail a-winding? (9)
16 What was the Passionate Shepherd trying to prove, anyway? (9)
18 What 21 across played badly around the last of the title. (7)
20 Drink around one's work? One would probably never do it! (7)
21 and 9 A crowded den might be, if not humble. (4, 2, 5)
22 Even winning contestants get over this, at times. (5)
24 Though likely to be flat-bottomed, it could be lighter. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1013

ACROSS: 1 Peripatetic; 9 Coming up; 10 Toffee; 11 Galahad; 14 Adhere; 15 Dry point; 17 Washed up; 20 Potash; 22 Carboys; 24 Frogmen; 26 Fiasco; 28 Basketballs. DOWN: 2, 12 and 27 Elizabeth Barrett Browning; 3 Ingrate; 4 and 25 Alphabet; 5 Estuary; 6 Infer; 7 Coward; 8 Newton; 13 Adept; 16 Octagonal; 18 Ataxia; 19 Dry dock; 20 Pergola; 21 Sterne; 23 Basra.

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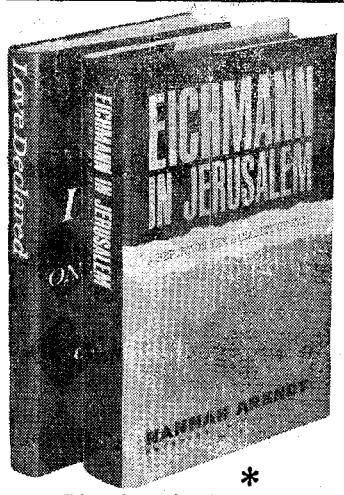

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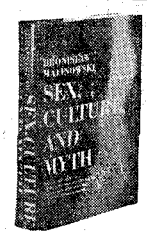

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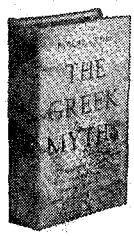

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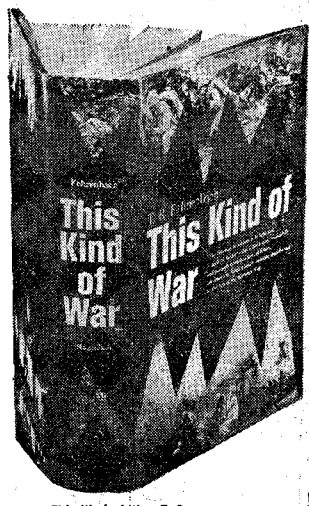

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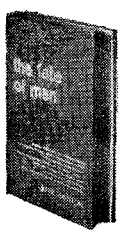

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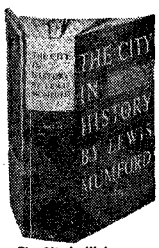

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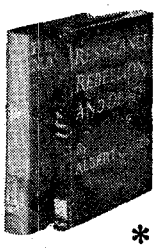

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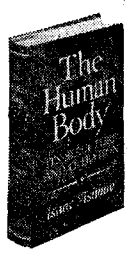

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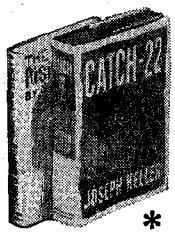

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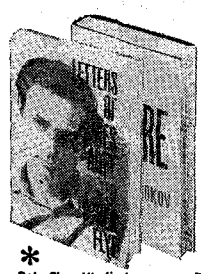

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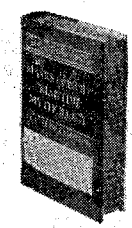

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